

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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## The Woodpeckers.

**I**t is now June, as you may see by the red-headed thief in the picture, who has stolen a cherry, and is carrying it to his young one; though we must say, by the way, that such scenes as this do not usually take place in New England till near the close of the month. In Pennsylvania, the cherries are ripe three weeks earlier than in Massachusetts.

Well, it is June—the fairest of the twelve months; a time when it is neither too hot nor too cold; when the vegetation is still young, and fresh, and fair; and when every thing around seems to speak of youth, and health, and happiness. Let

us all enjoy it as much as we can. Girls and boys, take old Merry's advice; run, scamper, shout, play, frolic—be as happy as you can. I will not insist that you look into the Museum during the bright days of joyous June. Lay it by upon the shelf for a wet day, and make friends of the brooks, and hills, and flowers, and forests. You need not even look at the song at page 192; for, though it is a pretty good one, the robins, and thrushes, and sparrows, and finches, and larks, will sing you many better ones.

When June is over, and you begin to get a little weary of out-door sports, you

may perchance wish to hold a little discourse with your old friend. Then you may take him down from the shelf, and, between the two red covers of the Museum, you will find his usual supply of rhyme and reason, song and sentiment. The first thing that I shall commend to your attention is the following piece, entitled

#### THE COUNTRY CHILD.

CHILD of the country ! free as air  
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;  
Born, like the lily, where the dew  
Lies odorous when the day is new ;  
Fed 'mid the may-flowers, like the bee ;  
Nursed to sweet music on the knee ;  
Lulled on the breast to that glad tune  
Which winds make 'mid the woods in June.  
I sing of thee ; 'tis sweet to sing  
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the country ! thy small feet  
Tread on strawberries red and sweet ;  
With thee I wander forth to see  
The flowers which most delight the bee ;  
The bush o'er which the throstle sung  
In April, while she nursed her young ;  
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn, where  
She bred her twins, the timorous hare ;  
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,  
Where brown bees build their balmy cells ;  
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,  
Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;  
And other marvels which my verse  
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the country ! on the lawn  
I see thee, like the bounding fawn ;  
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing  
The first time on the winds of spring ;  
Bright as the sun when from the cloud  
He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;  
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams ;  
Now groping trouts in lucid streams ;  
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round ;  
Now hunting echo's empty sound ;  
Now climbing up some tall old tree,  
For climbing's sake ; 'tis sweet to thee

To sit where birds can sit alone,  
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Fly from the town, sweet child, for health  
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth : —  
There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower ;  
On every herb on which you tread  
Are written words, which, rightly read,  
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod  
To hope, and holiness, and God.

#### Spring in the City.

[Continued from page 158.]

“How fresh and bright our bowling  
green appears ! — a fit and graceful  
circle for a fairy-dance. But  
alas ! the *little people* have never  
visited our western shores ; and besides,  
they can no more endure a city's bounds  
than a spirit can walk in daylight. Here  
we catch the first glimpse of the sparkling  
bay, the parent and pride of our city.  
We feel new life as we enter on the Battery,  
as our feet press the unpaved walk,  
as we scent the fresh vegetation, and feel  
the sea-breeze, the messenger of old  
ocean, saluting us. Does your imagination,  
Grace, ever recur to the period  
when the Indian was startled from his  
indolent repose, on this very ground over  
which we are treading, by the approach  
of what seemed to him the lord of the  
element on which it moved, and what  
was in reality the little Dutch vessel of  
Mynheer Hudson ? Since then, what  
changes ! The Indian and his forests  
have disappeared, and here we take refuge  
from the din of one of the busiest  
and most prosperous commercial marts in  
the world. And here, in this comparative  
quietness, what variety, spirit, and

activity! Ships departing for distant ports; vessels arriving from Europe, fraught with news, and new goods—tidings of revolution in empires, and changes in fashion—the falls of kings, and the lengthening of waists! Even here, Grace, on these unconscious waves, we see that spring has come. Every little harbor on our rivers, released from its winter thralldom, has sent its small craft to the city. See those sloops in their homeward course—‘Patron, of Albany;’ ‘Ida, of Troy;’ ‘Minerva, of Athens,’ &c. And here is the peerless ‘President,’ the Providence boat, moving round to the East River. There comes the ‘Swan, of Philadelphia,’ pattering through the water; she touches the pier, and her daily duty is done; and see, across there, the steam ferry-boat, just parting from the Jersey shore, freighted with citizens, their wives, nurses, and children, returning from a delicious stroll in the romantic walks of Hoboken. How gracefully that barge glides over the water, from the revenue cutter to Governor’s Island, which appears, in its fresh spring dress, like an emerald dropped on the bosom of the bay! Ah, here come the Whitehall boys—a boat-race! There they go under the bridge. And we must go too, Grace. I am going round by Broad Street, to inquire at Ross, the glover’s, about little Lucy Wendal.”

“Lucy Wendal! who is she?”

“She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling, that looks like a crack, or a seam, between the great houses on each side of it. She lived with her grandparents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had

been out-bargained, and out-witted, till they were reduced to this tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy—a pretty, fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we removed to — Street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva—the goddess of wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly, from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday; the steps were scoured daily; and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say it must be hard for her to think of ‘turning to *dust*.’ Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the *stoop* every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the crabbed, bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity, however, was misapplied; and I felt it to be so, when I looked in her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the

duties Providence has allotted to you; and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures, beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendal's. At last, there came to this obscure family, what comes to all — death, and its changes. The old man and his wife died, within a few days of each other, of the influenza, that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; for though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods; those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and craft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and, on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

"In a few days, she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place; and since, I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reprovingly, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's, to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop — 'John Ross, glove manufacturer.' This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window: that man,

no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might be sure such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast as it would. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman — but here he is, an honest, thriving glover, and that, perhaps, is just as well; nothing truer than the trite old couplet, —

'Honor and shame from no condition rise:  
Act well your part; there all the honor lies!'

"The old man looks as if he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy.

"The only customer is coming out. Now we have a clear field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same, ma'am."

"I called, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman, who came to live with you a year ago, last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. "Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendal."

"Ay, Lucy Wendal did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression in Ross's face, at the mention of her name, that I did not clearly comprehend. It might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. "I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given you satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendal, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so; but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and inter-



ested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents." Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter; then tied up the bundle, and laid it on the shelf. "You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about beginning a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know, when Lucy Wendal came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely, and tidy, that she was a pretty resting-place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the workshop, as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning till night, like forty thousand chimney-swallows. Lucy was every way different; she made herself neat and trig in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon, when the 'prentice boys were coming in to dinner, twitching out curl-papers, and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions—and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master-workman with her needle. I have never had a match for her since I first began business; *but*—you know, ma'am, there's always a *but*, in this life—she gave me great offence. She

crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I had set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bunce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I know that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found, when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted the money for, he looked sheepish, and made me no answer. I thought it prudent, before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children: to be sure, I have taken care, for the most part, they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful—I own it; but it's young folks' business to mind; and 'children, obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and nature. So I told John. I did not hint any suspicion about Lucy; but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection to; what I had long fixed my heart on; and

what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down; but he saw I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound; the upper part of the door is set with glass. I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves; my son was standing by her; it appeared they were for him, and he insisted on her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble—the glove would not go on; but it came off, and their hands met *without gloves*, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me; and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me. He had given his heart, and promised his hand, to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him, who was not worthy of her love; he said, too, something of my having, hitherto, been a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this; but you know that anger is said to be a short madness; and so it is! and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason, and true feeling, as the stinging sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper; and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened

to speak; and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house; and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

"The next morning they had both cleared out; and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had all day been seeking Lucy in vain; that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her; and when I answered, 'So much the better!' he accused me of cruelty; and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, ladies; but hear me out. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong; he begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bunce. 'I give up Lucy, father,' he said, 'but I cannot marry any body else.' I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me; but I had not come quite to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there would be no sin left in the world. She said, they had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and kindest of masters; then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent; said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told

him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom; but saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me. I found her that very night, and, without loss of time, brought her back to my house; and then," he added, walking hastily to the farther extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and the short of it!"

And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend become a wife and mother! her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face! Such should be the summer of happiness, when the *spring* is consecrated to virtue. — *Miss Sedgwick.*

### Filial Affection of the Chinese.

THE Chinese are remarkable for the extraordinary respect which they pay to their parents. A great number of instances have been recorded, by writers, of wonderful filial piety. Among others is the following:—

A boy, eight years of age, gave a very touching proof of affection for his parents. They were so poor, that they could not afford to buy a kind of curtain which is commonly used, in hot countries of the East, to defend persons in bed from the well-known insects called mosquitoes, and which is hence called a

mosquito curtain. The poor boy strove in various ways to protect his parents from the tormenting bite of these insects, but in vain. At length, he hit upon a contrivance, which shows that no sacrifice is too great for real affection. When his parents had retired to rest, he seated himself by their bed, stripped off his clothes to the waist, and suffered the mosquitoes to settle upon him, without driving them away. "When they have filled themselves with my blood," said he, "they will not disturb my parents."

### Epithalamium.

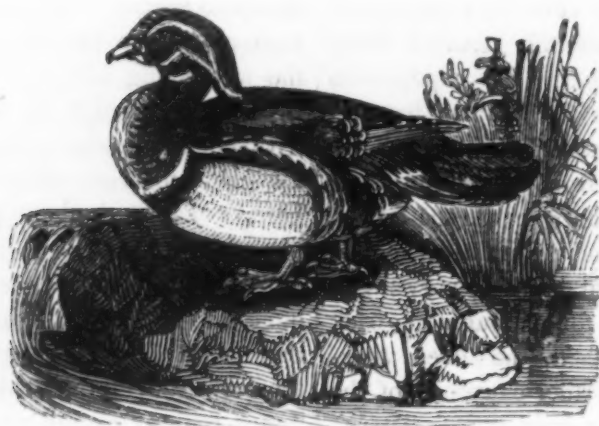
THE following epithalamium, or wedding song, was written by the late J. G. C. Brainard, of Connecticut.

"I SAW two clouds at morning  
Tinged with the rising sun;  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one:  
I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
It moved so sweetly to the west.

"I saw two summer currents,  
Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
And join their course with silent force,  
In peace each other greeting:  
Calm was their course through banks of green,  
While dimpled eddies played between.

"Such be your gentle motion,  
Till life's last pulse shall beat  
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream  
Float on, in joy, to meet  
A calmer sky, where storms shall cease —  
A purer sky, where all is peace."

KEEP no more cats than will catch mice.



### The Summer Duck.

**T**HE nest of this bird is usually placed in the inside of some hollow tree, generally quite near the ground. But Wilson informs us that instances have been known in which it was constructed of a few sticks laid on the fork of the branches.

"On the 18th of May," continues Wilson, "I visited a tree containing a nest of a summer duck, on the banks of a river in New Jersey. It was an old, grotesque white oak, whose top had been torn off by a storm. In this hollow and broken top, and about six feet down, on the soft, decayed wood, lay thirteen eggs, snugly covered with down, doubtless taken from the breast of the bird.

"The tree had probably been occupied for four successive years by the same pair. The person who gave me the information, and whose house was within twenty or thirty yards of the tree, said he had seen the female, the preceding spring, carry down her young, one by one, in less than ten minutes. She caught them in her bill by the wing, or back of the neck, and landed them safely at the

foot of the tree, whence she afterwards led them into the water. Under this same tree, at the time I visited it, a large sloop lay upon the stocks nearly finished. The deck was not more than twelve feet distant from the nest; yet, notwithstanding the presence and noise of the workmen, the ducks would not abandon their old breeding-place, but continued to pass out and in as if no person had been near. A tame goose had chosen a hollow space at the foot of the same tree, to lay and hatch her young in."

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**FORCE OF TRUTH.** — Some years ago, a motion was made in the house of commons, in England, for raising and embodying the militia, and, for the purpose of saving time, to exercise them on the Sabbath. When the resolution was about to pass, an old gentleman stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to make to this, which you will find in an old book called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped.





The Musk Ox.

**T**HIS curious beast has its home in the cold, polar regions of North America, and there only is it to be found. It is about half the size of the western bison, and of our common ox. It is covered with long, matted, brown hair, curled on the neck and shoulders, and hanging down below the middle of the leg. The horns are large, and, curving downwards, turn up in a semicircle.

It frequents the barren lands near the Arctic Ocean, where the country is rocky and destitute of wood. It feeds on grass and lichens, and goes in herds of twenty or thirty. It runs very fast when pursued, and climbs lofty cliffs with great activity.

Dr. Richardson thus describes the hunting of the musk ox. If the hunters keep themselves concealed when they fire upon a herd, the poor animals mistake the noise for thunder, and, forming themselves into a group, crowd nearer and nearer together as their companions

fall around them; but, should they discover them by sight, or by their sense of smell, which is very acute, the whole herd seek safety by instant flight. The bulls are very irritable, and, when wounded, will often attack the hunter, and endanger his life, unless he possesses activity and presence of mind. The Esquimaux, who are well accustomed to the pursuit of this animal, sometimes turn its irritable disposition to good account; for, having provoked a bull to attack him, an expert hunter wheels round it more quickly than it can turn, and by repeated stabs in the belly puts an end to its life.

The flesh of the musk ox, as its name imports, is highly flavored, and smells strongly of musk; but when the animal is fat, it is said to be well tasted. The hair is very fine, and would be useful in the arts, if a sufficient quantity could be procured.

### Grongar Hill.

ONE of our youthful correspondents seems very much struck with the beauty of Dyer's poem of Grongar Hill, and asks us to insert it in the Museum. It has always been regarded as a charming composition, and, indeed, is the foundation of the author's poetical reputation. We cheerfully give it a place, only remarking, that the author was born in England in 1700, and died in 1758. His longest poem was entitled the "Fleece;" but it has passed into general forgetfulness, and the name of John Dyer had hardly been retained in the list of men of genius, but for the lines which we here quote.

#### "GRONGAR HILL.

"A LITTLE rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud, the mighty have,  
Between the cradle and the grave.  
And see the rivers, how they run  
Through woods and meads, in shade and  
sun ;

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
Wave succeeding wave, they go,  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life to endless sleep !  
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought  
To instruct our wandering thought ;  
Thus she dresses green and gay  
To disperse our cares away.

"See on the mountain's southern side,  
Where the prospect opens wide,  
Where the evening gilds the tide,  
How close and small the hedges lie !  
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
A step, methinks, may pass the stream, —  
So little distant dangers seem.

"So we mistake the future's face,  
Eyed through hope's deluding glass,  
As yon summits soft and fair,  
Clad in colors of the air,

Which, to those who journey near,  
Barren, brown, and rough, appear ;  
Still we tread the same coarse way ;  
The present's still a cloudy day

"Oh, may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see !  
Content me with a humble shade,  
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;  
For while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul !  
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
And misers gather wealth and care.

"Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;  
Search for Peace with all your skill ;  
Open wide the lofty door ;  
Seek her on the marble floor.  
In vain ye search — she is not there ;  
In vain ye search the domes of care ;  
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads.  
Along with Pleasure close allied,  
Ever by each other's side ;  
And often by the murmuring rill  
Hears the thrush, while all is still  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill."

#### THE LITTLE STEP-SON.

I HAVE a little step-son, the loveliest thing  
alive,  
A noble, sturdy boy is he, and yet he's only  
five ;

His smooth cheek hath a blooming glow ;  
his eyes are black as jet ;  
And his lips are like two rose-buds, so tremu-  
lous and sweet.

His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter,  
and in song,

As careless as a summer rill, that sings itself  
along.

For like a pretty fairy-tale that's all too  
quickly told,

Is the young life of a little one, that's only  
five years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch before  
the day grows dark ;

He's up with morning's rosy ray, a singing  
with the lark ;

Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er  
the grass is green,  
With light locks waving on the wind, his  
fairy form is seen.  
Amid the whistling March winds, amid the  
April showers,  
He warbles with the singing birds, and prattles  
to the flowers;  
He cares not for the summer heat, he cares  
not for the cold, —  
My sturdy little step-son, that's only five  
years old.

How touching 'tis to see him clasp his dimpled  
hands in prayer,  
And raise his little rosy face with reverential  
air!  
How simple is his eloquence! how soft his  
accents fall,  
When pleading with the King of kings to  
love and bless us all!  
And when from prayer he bounds away, in  
innocence and joy,  
The blessing of a smiling God goes with the  
sinless boy:  
A little lambkin of the flock, within the  
Savior's fold,  
Is he, my lovely step-son, that's only five  
years old.

I have not told you of our home, that, in the  
summer hours,  
Stands in its simple modesty, half hid among  
the flowers;  
I have not said a single word about our mines  
of wealth;  
Our treasures are — this little boy, contentment,  
peace, and health;  
For e'en a lordly hall to us would be a voiceless  
place  
Without the gush of his glad voice, the gleams  
of his bright face;  
And many a courtly pair, I ween, would  
give their gems and gold  
For a noble, happy boy like ours, some four  
or five years old.

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WELCOME is the best cheer.

## The Captain's Pudding.

THE following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate: —

"Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next the captain.

"The captain no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned towards him, than, picking up the dish, and turning it round as if to examine the china, he said, 'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,' and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself.

"'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish; 'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling;' and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself.

"The captain looked at the mate; the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed; the mate laughed.

"'I tell you what, young one,' said the captain, 'you've found me out: so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.'"

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A GIGANTIC MOTH. — A moth was once caught at Arracan, which measured ten inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, both being variegated with the brightest colors.



The Wild Turkey.

**T**HIS beautiful bird is abundant in the wooded and uncultivated parts of the Western States, and the vast forests of the great valley of the Mississippi.

In the fall of the year, it spreads itself through the country in search of food, upon which its migrations depend. (This period is called by the Indians the *turkey months*.) These are made entirely on foot, till the turkeys reach a river. They then ascend to the tops of tall trees, and, at the cluck of their leader, fly to the opposite bank, the young ones sometimes falling into the water and drowning. Their speed is very considerable, and, when molested, they run with the velocity of a hound. After long journeys

in frosty weather, they sometimes associate with the poultry near farm-houses, and enter the barns for grain. During this season, great numbers are killed by the inhabitants, who preserve them in a frozen state and transport them to a distant market.

The female lays her eggs in April, in a hole slightly scratched in the ground, and covered with withered leaves. These she studiously conceals, and seldom abandons, and hatches from ten to fifteen young birds. The care and tenderness of the parent is now evinced by watching for the slightest danger, and resorting to places where there is the best supply of fruit and berries.



As the flesh of the turkey affords delicious food, they are attacked by both men and animals. The wild-cat frequently seizes them, by concealing itself, and springing upon its unsuspecting prey. When the hunter approaches them by moonlight, they are readily shot from their roosting tree, one after another, without any apprehension of danger. In the spring, a whistle is made of the second joint of the wing, which produces a sound similar to the voice of the female; and the cocks, on coming up to this call, are then easily shot. They are also caught in pens made of logs.

On the banks of the Missouri, the feathers of the wings are used by the Indians for pluming arrows, and form an article of commerce among them.

### Conduct before the King and Queen.

MADAME D'ARBLAY — Miss Burney — the author of "Cecilia," who held some place about the court of George III., gives the following directions in one of her letters:—

"In the first place, you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—you must not cough.

"In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it by keeping your teeth grinding

together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel, but not sneeze.

"In the third place, you must not, on any account, stir either hand or foot. If by chance a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out; if the pain is very great, you must bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter; if the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it."

### Lines to a Hen.

THOU art a "bird," a pretty bird, thou amiable hen,

And a "spirit" too — thou hoverest about the barns of men;

A meek and quiet spirit, thou art rather seen than heard,

And I love thee for thy gentleness, thou sweet domestic bird.

A child of industry and peace thou dost appear to be,

And scratching round the world for food, is world enough for thee;

There's judgment in thy countenance, there's shrewdness in thy air,

And the innocence of chickenhood is ever dwelling there.

Thy voice is somewhat clamorous; but while most other birds

Pipe out their soft and lovelike notes to sentimental words,

Thy cackling note, statistical, in business style is made,

To proclaim to all around when thou an egg hast laid.

I grant it lacks in sentiment, and possibly  
might seem  
A little ostentatious too; but in this age of  
steam,  
When self-display is "all the go," and "sta-  
tistics" are "the rage,"  
It surely is in keeping with the "spirit of  
the age."

And thy gentle voice, too, oft is heard, en-  
treating, from the mud,  
For thy chickens, some of them to come and  
light upon a bug;  
And at eve thy private "curfew bell" — thy  
clucking tongue — is loosed,  
To bid thy chicks forsake the world, and go  
with thee to roost.

Thus calmly dost thou pass thy days, thou  
amiable hen,  
Renouncing woods and poetry, for the bus-  
tling haunts of men;  
The lark may sing, the eagle soar, the vulture  
joy in strife,  
'Tis glory enough for thee to be domestic in  
thy life.

And now farewell! — be thou with joy and  
corn abundant blest,  
And be thy last declining days thy brightest  
and thy best!  
With this I cease, and my harp I hang, like  
Jews, on Babel's stream,  
No more thy praise to warble forth, bird of  
my sweetest dream.

### A Chapter on Proverbs.

**T**HE herring is a delicate fish, which is  
killed by a very small degree of vio-  
lence. Whenever it is taken out of  
the water, even though it seems to  
have received no hurt, it gives a squeak,  
and immediately expires; hence arises  
the proverb, *as dead as a herring*.

To *bear the bell*, is to surpass others,  
or to be the first in merit; alluding to the

cow which bears a bell, and is followed  
by the whole drove; or the first horse in  
a team, which has bells on his collar.

The affair being *on the tapis*, or carpet,  
is borrowed from the House of Peers,  
where the table is covered with a carpet.

*Tit for tat*, is only another dialect for  
*this for that*.

A beetle is thought to be blind, because  
in the evening it will fly with its full  
force against a man's face, or any thing  
else which happens to be in its way;  
therefore the saying has arisen, *as blind  
as a beetle*.

*Under the rose*, means privately or  
secretly. The rose was, it is said, sacred  
to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and  
therefore frequently placed on the ceil-  
ings of rooms destined for the reception  
of guests, and implying, that whatever  
was transacted there should not be made  
public.

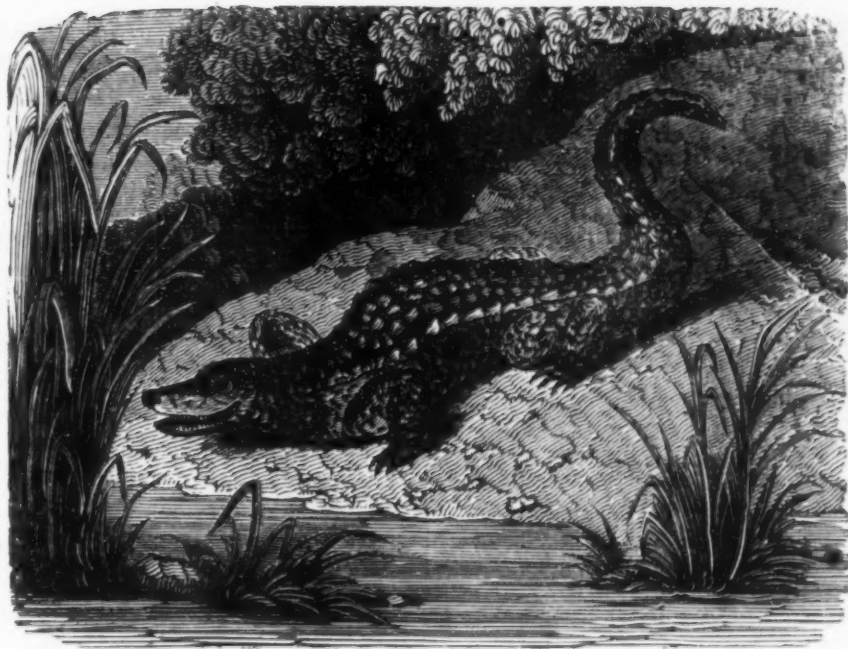
To give a *Roland for an Oliver*, is  
to give an equivalent: Roland and Ol-  
iver were two knights, famous in ro-  
mance; the wonderful achievements of  
one could only be equalled by those of  
the other.

The expression *piping hot*, is taken  
from the custom of a baker's blowing his  
pipe or horn, in villages, to let the people  
know that his bread is just from the oven,  
and consequently, hot and light.

NOTHING is impossible to a willing  
mind.

Justice requires that those by whom we  
are most benefited should be most hon-  
ored.

He that stays in the valley will never  
get over the hill.



### The Alligator.

**T**HIS formidable reptile resembles the crocodile of the eastern continent. There are four species, which are natives of the warm parts of America.

Alligators are ugly animals, but they are not naturally ferocious; they kill only to eat, and only one animal at a time. They swallow their prey nearly whole, breaking the bones by the pressure of their jaws. They are indolent animals; for, though they can walk tolerably fast, and swim faster, the greater part of their time is spent in inaction. During the heat of the day, they lie stretched out on the banks, or in the mud of the rivers, and capture no animals but such as wander near them. When evening comes, however, they begin to move, and the roaring of the larger ones is terrific. It is a compound of the sounds of the bull and the bittorn, but far louder than either; and it

grates and shivers on the ear, as if the ground were shaking. This is the common noise of the reptile, whether in love or hate.

Alligators are oviparous, and deposit their eggs in holes of the banks above the water-mark, which they excavate with their paws and snout, and cover again after the eggs are deposited. The eggs are not larger than those of a goose, and, though rather musky, are considered palatable.

During the floods in the spring, the rains beat many animals down the rivers — birds, reptiles, fish, &c., are all the same to the palate of the alligators, which, at this season, have a great feast, and grow very fat for a period of eight or ten weeks. The rest of the year, they need very little food.

The pike-headed alligator is the most

ferocious and dangerous of the species. It has a head two feet long, armed with large, irregular teeth. It easily masters the larger animals, while quenching their thirst on the shore of the rivers. It swims slowly toward one, and, when within reach, seizes the upper lip and nose; at the same time turning its body round, it inflicts a heavy blow with its tail. The creature now falls down helpless, its cruel enemy holding its head under water, till it expires from suffocation. When it preys on fishes, it gets below them, jerks them out of the water, when it catches and swallows them. It performs the same process with the water birds.

### Capturing the Petrel.

IT is a popular opinion, among sailors, that the petrels carry their eggs under their wings in order to hatch them. But this is obviously impossible. On the contrary, they breed on rocky shores in numerous communities, like the bank-swallow. Their nests consist merely of a few pieces of dried grass and a feather or two, barely sufficient to prevent the eggs from rolling or moving on the rock.

Mr. Drosier persuaded one of the natives of Foula, for a trifling remuneration, to traverse the face of the rock, and take some of these birds, with their eggs, out of its fissures. The following is his account of the adventure:—

“Accordingly, accoutred with a rope of hemp and hog’s bristles, coiled over his shoulders, he proceeded to the cliff. Having made one end fast by means of a stake, he threw the coil over the face of the rock, and gradually lowered him-

self down, but with the utmost caution and circumspection, carefully pressing his foot hard upon the narrow ridges before he at all loosened his firm grasp of the rope, which he never altogether abandoned.

“I had previously thrown myself upon my chest, to enable me to have a better view of him, by looking over the cliff; and certainly, to see the dexterity and bravery with which he threw himself from one aperture to another was truly grand. The tumbling roar of the Atlantic, foaming many hundreds of feet beneath, and dashing its curling, cream-like surge against the dark base of the cliff, in sheets of the most beautiful white, — while the white and black-backed gulls alternately swept past him, almost within reach of his arm, uttering their discordant notes, — threw a peculiar wildness into the scene.

“This, however, he appeared entirely to disregard; and, continuing his search, returned, in about half an hour, with seven or eight of the birds, tied up in an old stocking, together with their eggs. The birds, he said, he had no difficulty in capturing.”

WIT.—A man with one eye laid a wager, with another man, that he could see more than the other could. The wager was accepted. “You have lost,” said the first. “I can see two eyes in your face, and you can only see one in mine.”

SINCERITY and insincerity are other names for truth and falsehood.





### An interesting Passage in Napoleon's History.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at a hotel. He found himself very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expenses of his illness. The hostess, untouched by his destitute condition, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a mattress

and a chair, and all the sustenance she provided was a little barley-water. She refused to call a physician, fearing that she should be expected to defray the expenses.

It happened that the first floor of the hotel was occupied by two ladies of Geneva, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiee, who were visiting Lyons for the benefit of the air. They were both advanced in

years, the latter being nearly fifty. These two ladies were agreeable and well informed. The fate of the young soldier interested all the servants of the hotel; and the particulars of his friendless condition soon reached the ears of the younger lady, through her maid, who informed her, at the same time, of the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital.

The servant succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would defray all expenses, and that it was her pleasure that the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane waiting-maid, meanwhile, never quitted the room of the invalid in whom she had taken so much interest.

Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment,—so that, when he recovered his senses, he was so greatly astonished at finding himself in a well-furnished chamber, that he thought he must be dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question; but she contented herself with replying, that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended to.

Days, and even weeks, passed thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something which commanded respect—which, perhaps, even excited fear. The maid then named

her mistress, and with all possible delicacy related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiee, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude. He was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life.

Mademoiselle Agiee consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him a visit. She remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read to him till he should no longer be forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted the proposal with joy, and selected the “Life of Turenne,” and a book on geometry. She spent some hours of every day with the convalescent, who listened to her eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking.

He did not seem easily inclined to confidence; and it was not till some time had elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardor it was impossible for him to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiee, who smiled, as she listened to him. “In truth,” said she, “I believe we shall, one of these days, see you a colonel.”

“Colonel!” replied he, in a tone of indignation; “I shall be a general, and *perhaps*—” But he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say.

“Until now,” said his kind friend, “I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your family or your country. By your accent, I conceive

you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment."

"I am a Corsican," replied the young soldier; "and my name is Napoleon Bonaparte."

Mademoiselle Agiee became every day more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. You will hear of me." He departed, and his friend returned with her mother to Geneva.

The name of Napoleon soon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiee, in reading the papers, exulted in the success of her *protégé* who, meanwhile, seemed entirely to have forgotten her.

Years passed thus away, when, some time before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town in the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, where he was to stop a few hours on his way to Italy. He sent an aid-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady named Agiee, very old and ugly, and to bring her to him. The aid-de-camp soon succeeded in finding her. She had become nearly blind, and seldom quitted her own house; but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger.

Bonaparte was impatient, and went to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff. As soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her; and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiee,

on this rencontre, may be more easily imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, turning toward his suite, "you see my benefactress—her to whom I am indebted for life. I was destitute of every thing, when she succored me; and I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and shall never forget it." Napoleon passed two hours with her, when he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons: "You will hear of me."

From that hour to the epoch of Napoleon's coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before that event, General Huelin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiee. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory. She was permitted to take nothing more with her than was indispensable during the journey, and in spite of her age and infirmities, she set off the day after the general's arrival.

On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Carrousel, opposite to the palace of the Tuileries. There she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte: in short, a completely-furnished mansion, and a well-stocked wardrobe, had been prepared for her. Bonaparte had recollected even her favorite colors, and had omitted nothing that he imagined could give her pleasure. She had a long audience with Napoleon, and he assigned her, beside a house, carriage, and domestics, at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs.

On the fall of Bonaparte, she lost the house and other advantages he had conferred on her; but her pension was regularly paid by his agents till her death, which took place in the year 1822, in a hotel in Paris.

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### God in the Storm.

"Did you hear the storm last night, my child,  
As it burst o'er the midnight sky,  
When the thunder rattled loud and wild,  
And the lightning flickered by?"  
"I heard no tempest, mother mine!  
I was buried in slumber sweet;  
Dreaming I stood in the soft moonshine,  
With flowers about my feet."

"Can it be, my child, that you did not hear  
The roar of the tempest's breath,  
As it scattered the rent leaves far and near,  
In many an eddying wreath?"  
"No, mother; my happy sleep was full  
Of gentle and holy things—  
Shapes that were graceful and beautiful,  
And the music of angels' wings."

"Yet the storm was hard, my darling child;  
There was death on the hurrying blast;  
And vapors dark overhead were piled,  
As the hoarse wind bellowed past."  
"I thought not of clouds, my mother dear,  
When I rose from my nurse's knee;  
You taught me that God is ever near,—  
So what danger could I see?"

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### Anecdotes of Bees.

A CURIOUS instance of the sagacity of bees is thus related by a farmer of Pennsylvania. "My bees, above all the other tenants of my farm, attract my attention and respect. Unfortunately, the king-bird destroys great numbers of

them. At the time of swarming, flocks of these birds fix themselves on the neighboring trees, to catch the bees that return loaded from the field. On one occasion of this kind, a bunch of bees, as large as my fist, issued from one of the hives, rushed on one of these birds, and probably stung him, for he instantly screamed and flew away. The bees followed him to some distance, and then returned to the swarm. The bird then returned, and snapped up as many as he wanted. I killed him from curiosity, to see how many of my poor bees had fallen victims to his rapacity; and, opening his maw, I took from it one hundred and seventy-one! I laid them all on a blanket in the sun, and, to my great surprise, fifty-four returned to life, licked themselves clean, and joyfully went back to the hive, where they probably informed their companions of such an adventure and escape as had never happened before to American bees!"

In Switzerland, the traveller often sees a man trudging up the mountains with a hive of bees on his back. The people move the bees, because change of place is considered good for them. In France, the bee-hives are put into a boat,—some hundreds together,—which floats down the stream by night, and stops by day. The bees go out in the morning, return in the evening, and when they are all quietly at home, the boat floats on.

One day, a horse, belonging to a farmer in England, strayed from his yard into an adjoining garden, and threw down a hive of bees, who instantly attacked him with great fierceness. The poor horse kicked and plunged violently, and a man went out to his rescue. He succeeded



in getting hold of the horse; but had scarcely done so, when the bees attacked him, covering his head, and face, and every exposed part of his body. It was in vain that he strove to beat them off. Wet clothes were thrown over him, and other means were resorted to, but it was a long time before the enemy left him. He expired on his way home, and the horse died the next evening.

An author upon India gives us the following curious account: "A large swarm of bees having fixed their abode on the ceiling of a veranda, we wished to collect the honey. Hearing of a man who had a peculiar art in obtaining it, we sent for him, and desired him to bring down the honey. He took some of the plant called *toolsy*, and rubbed it over his face, body, arms, and hands; he then chewed a little, and held a small sprig of it in his mouth. With no other than this apparently slight defence, he mounted a ladder, with a large dish in one hand and a sharp knife in the other; and though as thinly clad as his class usually are, with thousands of bees swarming round his naked body, with the greatest *sang froid* he cut through the upper part of the comb, where it was suspended to the roof, and receiving the whole of it in his dish, brought it down, without suffering a single sting!"

The Scots' Magazine, for 1776, mentions a curious instance of power over bees. "A Mr. Wildman gave notice to Dr. Templeman, of Plymouth, that he would pay him a visit, on a certain afternoon, in his bee-dress. Several ladies and gentlemen, hearing of his intended visit, assembled on the appointed day at the doctor's house. About five o'clock,

Mr. Wildman came, brought through the city in a chair, his head and face almost covered with bees, and a most venerable beard of them hanging down from his chin. The company were soon convinced that they need not be afraid of the insects, and therefore went up familiarly and conversed with Mr. Wildman. After some time, he gave orders to the bees to retire to their hive, which he had brought with him; and this they did with the utmost precipitation.

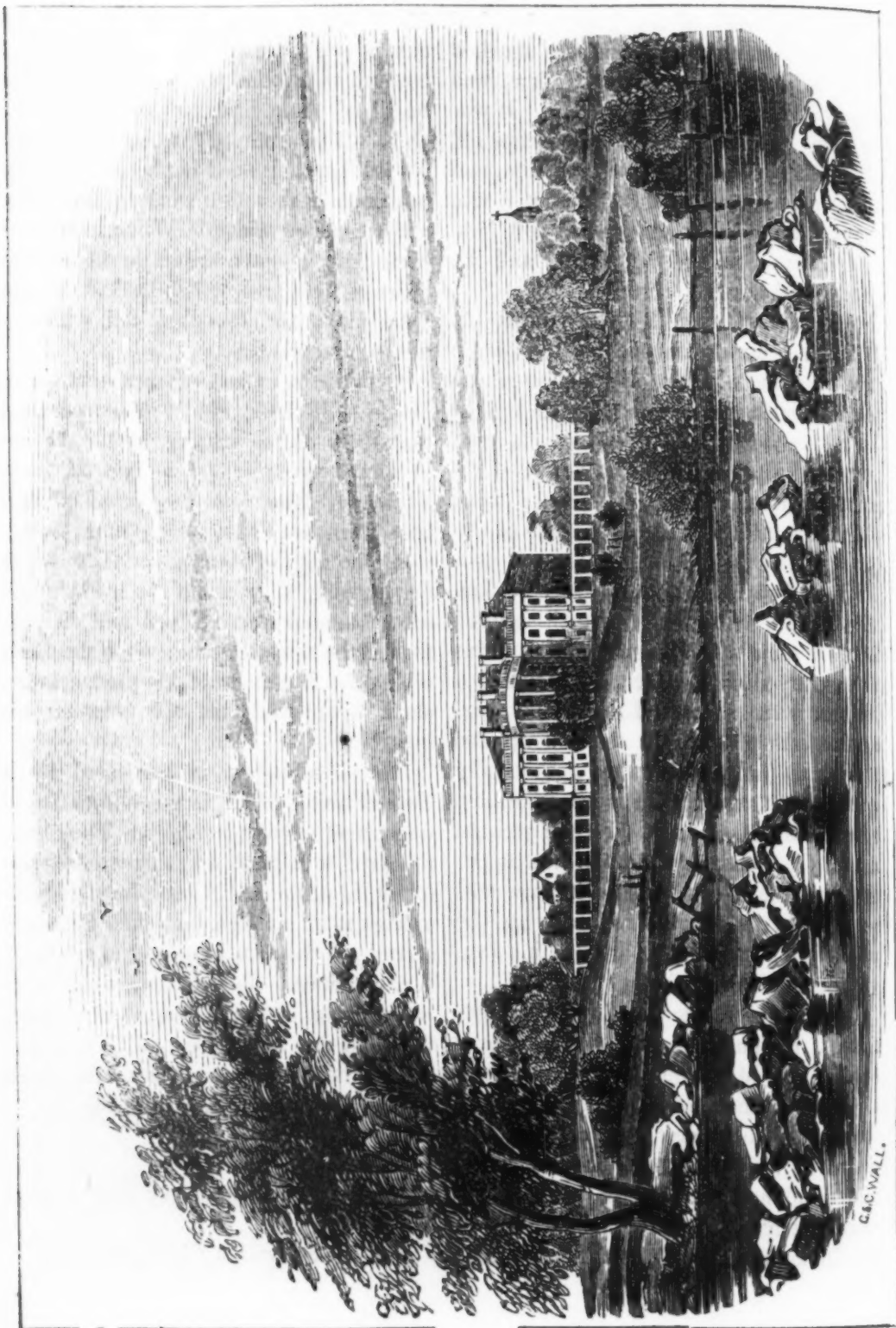
"On one occasion, when covered with his friendly bees, Mr. Wildman desired that three fierce mastiffs should be set at him. Accordingly, as one of them advanced upon him, he detached two bees from his dress, which immediately stung the dog on his nose and flank — the dog retiring very much daunted. The second animal was received and discomfited in the same manner; while the third, seeing the ill success of his predecessors, slunk away with his tail between his legs." \*

The humble-bee is tormented by a kind of mite, which is sometimes found upon them in great numbers. They have recourse to a most amusing contrivance to get rid of them. A bee, thus annoyed, will go to an ant-hill, and then kick and scratch till the ants come out to see what is the matter. Before they drive their noisy visitor away, the ants seize upon the mites and carry them off as a prize; and the bee, as soon as it is set free from its enemies, flies away contented.

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HE who rises late, never does a good day's work.

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.



*The President's House at Washington*

## The President's House,

AT WASHINGTON.

**T**HIS is a large and lofty edifice, situated on the northern bank of the River Potomac, a mile from the Capitol, the building where Congress meets.

Near it are four buildings, devoted to the departments of State, War, Navy, and Treasury. It stands on a slight elevation, and commands a fine view of the Potomac and its banks. The grounds around are pleasantly laid out, and are ornamented with trees, shrubs, and walks.

The rooms in the house are large and lofty, and appear very handsome. The President resides here: here he receives foreign ministers; and here he holds council with the members of his cabinet. His large evening parties are called *levees*.

The President's House is, on the whole, handsome and agreeable, though it is very inferior to the palaces of kings and princes of Europe. When foreigners come to this country, and compare the residence of our chief magistrate with the dwellings of their own sovereigns, they think it quite mean. But when we consider, that the object of government is to make the people happy, and not to pamper the pride of kings, we may be rather gratified than annoyed at the comparisons of those who are brought up to admire and worship royalty.

Don't value a gem by what it is set in.

Rule the appetite, and temper the tongue.

Look twice ere you determine once.

## Alexander the Great.

**A**LEXANDER THE GREAT, on being asked how he had been able, at so early an age, and in so short a period, to conquer such vast regions, and establish so great a name, replied,—

"I used my enemies so well, that I compelled them to be my friends; and I treated my friends with such constant regard, that they were unalterably attached to me."

He once degraded an officer of distinction, by removing him to an inferior situation. Some time after, he asked the officer how he liked his new office.

"It is not the station," said the officer, "which gives consequence to the man, but the man to the station. No situation can be so trifling, as not to require wisdom and virtue in the performance of its duties."

The monarch was so pleased with this answer, that he restored him to his former rank.

WIT.—A medical practitioner, in a country town in Scotland, undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another had been prescribed, but still the patient was shut out from hearing from his fellow-man. "I've just come ance mair to ye, doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye can gie John something better, for the last bottle ye gied him did him nae gude at a'!"

"Dear me," said the doctor, "did it no? I am surprised at that! But it matters little; for there's naething gauen worth the *hearing*, just now."

## Alfred Poole.

THESE lines are inserted in compliance with the request of Alfred.

WHEN Alfred Poole  
First went to school,  
He was but scarcely seven;  
Yet knew as well  
To read and spell  
As most boys of eleven.

He took his seat,  
And wrote quite neat,  
Nor ever idly acted;  
And then, beside,  
He multiplied,  
Divided, and subtracted.

The master said,  
And stroked his head,  
"If thus you persevere,  
My little friend,  
You may depend  
Upon a prize next year."

## Scotch Degrees.

WHEN the University of St. Andrew's sold her honors, a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable, and more useful, if he possessed what the Germans call *the doctor*, had put fifteen pounds in his purse, and went to St. Andrew's to purchase for himself a good degree. His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honor. On his return, the "doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows: "Noo, Saunders, ye'll ay be sure to ca' me *the doctor*, and gin ony body spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll be

ay sure to say, 'The doctor's in his study,' or 'The doctor's engaged,' or 'The doctor will see you in a crack.'"

"That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me *doctor* too." The reverend doctor stared.

"Ay, its just so," continued the other; "for when I found that it cost so little, I e'en got a diploma mysel'. Sae ye'll just be good enough to say, 'Doctor, put on some coals,' or 'Doctor, bring me some whisky and hot water;' and gin ony body spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll be ay sure to say, 'The doctor's in the stable,' or 'The doctor's digging potatoes,' as the case may be!"

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL. — Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's shop, near Charing Cross, in London, when one of them got out, leaving the coach standing across the pathway. Some gentlemen, wanting to pass over to the other side, desired the coachman to move on a little. The fellow was surly, and refused. The gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop-door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach door, and, with boots and spurs, stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed, that "if it was a thoroughfare, they had as much right as the gemmen," and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.



## Jealousy.

A GENTLEMAN calling upon an old-bachelor acquaintance, in Berkshire, England, was kindly received, and invited to dinner. A stroll in the garden was proposed; and on returning to the parlor, the guest observed plates set for three. After conjecturing who was to be the third at the table, the dinner was served up; and when the host and his friend sat down, up jumped the cat from the hearth-rug, and took possession of the third chair. The bachelor helped his visitor, and had no sooner done so, than puss sprang at his face, and, in her fury, nearly scratched his eyes out. The cause of this violent attack was as follows: The gentleman and the cat had long lived the sole companions of each other; and a plate was always put on the table for madam puss, who, accustomed to be served first, was disappointed, and, jealous of the preference shown to the stranger, evinced her displeasure in thus clawing and wounding his unfortunate visage.

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## The Silk-Worm.

THE great care bestowed upon this creature, in China, is shown in the following extract from an old work: "The place where their habitation is built must be retired, free from noisome and ugly cattle, and all noises; as a noisome smell, or the least fright, makes great impressions upon so tender a breed. Even the barking of dogs, and the crowing of cocks, are capable of putting them in disorder when they are newly hatched. For the purpose of paying them every

attention, an affectionate mother is provided for their wants; she is called Isaumon, mother of the worms. She takes possession of the chamber, but not till she has washed herself and put on clean clothes which have not the least ill smell; she must not have eaten any thing before, or have handled any wild succory, the smell of which is very prejudicial; she must be clothed in a plain habit without any lining, that she may be more sensible of the warmth of the place, and accordingly increase or lessen the fire; but she must carefully avoid making a smoke, or raising a dust, which would be very offensive to these tender creatures, which must be carefully minded before the first time of casting their slough."

During the first twenty-four hours of the silk-worm's existence, the patient Chinese feeds the objects of her care forty-eight times a day; during the second or third day, thirty times; and so on, reducing the number of meals as the worm grows older.

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AN AGED INFANT.—An honest peasant woman lived, not long since, in the north of France, at the advanced age of a hundred years. She lost one of her children who had reached the age of eighty. "Ah!" said the old woman, weeping for her recent loss, "I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!"

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Dogs wag their tails, not so much for you, as for your bread.

Empty vessels make the greatest sound.

## Our Correspondence.

As we were very busy last month, we were unable to make due acknowledgment for the favors showered upon us by our little correspondents. We now sit down to discharge this agreeable part of our duty.

R. R. will find that we have complied with his request, and inserted "Grongar Hill," with a notice of its author. We add R. R.'s lines, entitled

### "CANDOR.

"SWEET to the scent the smiling brier, —  
Yet, touched, it gives us pain;  
The streamlet we so much admire  
Is oft distained with rain.

"The painting that delights the eye  
To shade its beauty owes;  
On the same shrub, conjoined, we spy  
The thorn and blushing rose.

"No mortal ever yet was made  
From imperfection free;  
Angels, perchance, may have their shade;  
Heaven wills it thus to be.

"Then mercy to the sinning show,  
As you would be forgiven;  
The best man's lot, alas! were woe,  
Were mercy not in heaven."

The following is sent by a boy ten years old, and we cheerfully give it a place: —

### THE ADVENTURES OF A SNOW-FLAKE.

WHEN I first became aware of my existence, I found myself floating in the air with a thousand of my companions. I gradually descended to the ground, and lay there some time, when a company of boys came out of doors to play; and having resolved upon a game at snowball, one of them, standing near me, caught me up, with a multitude of

my companions, and rolled us up together. Away I was thrown through the air, and hit another boy's cap, where I stuck fast. But I had not been there long, when the sun struck upon me, and I melted away.

Then I have a faint remembrance of being drawn up into the air, and wafted about I hardly knew how or where. But after a time, I was rejoiced to find myself in my former condition, as pretty shaped a flake as you will ever see, going down gently to the ground. But, before I reached it, I chanced to alight on a gentleman's hat, as he was passing along. There I staid very quietly a little while, till the gentleman bowed to a friend, when down I fell with many of my associates. No sooner had I got fairly settled after my fall, than a giddy boy whisked one of the runners of his sled over my back, and gave me a terrible blow. But I contrived to keep together, though somewhat crushed; and soon a sweet little girl came along and picked me up, and said I looked very white and beautiful. I liked the compliment so well, that I clung to her glove, though she tried to throw me off. Presently, the little girl went into a school-house, where I was greatly amused with the boys and girls whom I saw coming in and going out. But pretty soon the little girl took off her cloak, bonnet, and gloves, and put them in a dark closet, where, before long, I was melted to a water-drop.

When school was dismissed, the boys and girls rushed into the closet to get their things — my little girl among the rest. I still stuck to her glove; but as soon as I got into the open air, I passed away in vapor. Again I made a long journey through the air; but after a while, I resumed my old snow-dress, and hastened away to the earth. It so happened, that a covered sleigh was passing where I intended to alight, — so I came to anchor on the top of the sleigh. But I had not enjoyed the ride long, before a jolt of the sleigh cast me plump on a sidewalk. There a little fellow seized me, to help make up a snowball, which he threw at another boy who

was coasting down a bank. The ball fell to pieces by the side of the track, and set me free. There I was till the warm weather of spring came, when I took my departure, and shall not put on my white robes again till another winter prepares them for me.

We are glad to hear about Taunton, from our friend D. W. H. I should like to visit the manufactories of brick, cotton, mouseline de laines, nails, tacks, Britannia ware, &c. I suppose it was the *Taunton River* in England, that was *so weak as not to be able to run down hill*, and not your Taunton River, D. W. H.? It must be pretty considerable smart water that can turn so many manufactories as you speak of!

I shall be glad to hear that the good friends to temperance have succeeded in reforming "*Bend Hollow*." Please let us know when the good work is done.

Our young correspondent from Charlestown will find a few simple lines, entitled *Alfred Poole*, which we have inserted for the pleasure of her brother Alfred, and of all other children, who, like him, have just learned to read. We intend each number to contain a few sugar-plums for such customers.

The youth who sends us the following bears a name justly honored in Virginia, and I hope he may live to add to its celebrity:—

*Warrenton, Fauquier Co., Va., 1845.*

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

As I find you encourage little boys to write you letters and send puzzles, I take the liberty of sending you two, and hope you will think them worthy of being admitted into your Museum. You will see, from the date of this letter, that I am a Virginian, and I will give you a short description of the place where I live.

It is near the beautiful village of Warrenton, which is surrounded by mountainous and picturesque scenery; where the society is very refined and cultivated, and where we have a large and admirable school, kept there by Mr. Richard M. Smith, who employs the best classical teachers; and we are blessed with health, and every opportunity for getting a good education. We are seven miles from the celebrated Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, which is a beautiful place, and a great resort for strangers during the summer season. And during our August vacation, I frequently have the opportunity of going there, and witnessing their amusements; among others, the tournament, where a number of knights, beautifully dressed and elegantly mounted, with long lances, ride at full speed, to carry off a ring which is suspended in the air. The knight who is successful enough to take off the ring three times in succession, places a beautiful garland of flowers on the brow of the lady whom he selects as the queen of love and beauty. At night there follows a fancy ball, in which a great many characters are well sustained.

I fear I have made my letter too long, and will not trespass longer upon your patience.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES P— C—.

#### PUZZLE No. 1.

Two thirds of a house where travellers eat;  
Two fifths of that which all creatures must meet;

A thing that helps our minds to discover;  
A place where wild beasts do frequently hover;

A letter that stands for a hundred alone;  
Another, in use exceeded by none.

These, carefully joined, will show you, quite plain,

What my ancestors fought for and nobly did gain.

#### PUZZLE No. 2.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 1, 3, 7, is what is used for punishment at sea.

My 10, 2, 9, 4, 12, 15, is a species of fruit.

My 3, 10, 4, 9, is the largest division of square measure.

My 2, 14, 12, 8, is the male of the deer.

My 10, 2, 14, 12, 8, is a table of reference.

My 2, 3, 7, is a part of a gentleman's dress.

My 9, 14, 12, is the organ of one of the senses.

My 4, 14, 7, is a quadruped.

My 7, 9, 3, is a refreshing beverage.

And my whole is the name of a celebrated French woman, whose history is published in Merry's Museum.

The following will be read with pleasure by all our young friends:—

*Harvard, A. D. 1845.*

MY DEAR SIR:

My father takes the Museum for me and my sisters; and I like it very much. I like "Dick Boldhero," and every thing else in it. I am a boy ten years old, who has three sisters, and one brother. My name is Stephen B. F——, and I live in the town of Harvard, which is bounded on one side by the Nashua River.

I have studied a History of the United States, and Telemachus, and the Henriade, a poem, by Voltaire; all of them in French. I am now studying a history of the Ancient Philosophers, in French. This work is very interesting, and I will give you some specimens of it.

They relate that Epimenides' father one day sent him to find a lost sheep. Well, he, having found it, entered into a cavern, about noon, to shelter him from the heat, and slept there fifty-seven years. When he waked up, he looked around to find his sheep; but it was not there. He ran out, and found the face of Nature entirely changed. He proceeded to the place whence he had taken the sheep. He found that the house had changed its owner, and that no one knew what he wished to say. He went, all affrighted, to the city of his residence. Every where new faces met his eye. He entered his father's house, and there they demanded of him who he was, and what he wanted.

It was with much difficulty that he made his brother know him, who was a little boy when he went away; but now was an old man. Well, what do you think was the result of this? It was this: Epimenides was immediately thought the favorite of the gods. Those who did not know him supposed that he occupied these fifty-seven years in traveling to foreign countries, and in the acquisition of knowledge.

I will now tell the death of a philosopher named Empedocles. The story of this philosopher is related very differently. The most common opinion is, that, as he had a very extraordinary desire to make himself pass for a god, and as he saw some people disposed to believe him divine, he resolved to sustain this opinion to the end of life. It was for this that, when he began to feel burdened with old age, he wished to terminate his life by something miraculous. After having healed a woman of Agrigentum, named Pante, who had been abandoned by all her physicians as about to die, he prepared a solemn sacrifice, to which he invited more than eighty persons. To make them believe that he had disappeared, as soon as the feast was ended, and each had gone, some under the trees, others elsewhere, he mounted, without saying any thing, to the top of Mount Ætna, and cast himself into the flames!

This same philosopher believed in the transmigration of souls. He said he remembered having been a little girl, afterwards a fish, then a bird, and even a plant. I forgot to say that, as he always wore brass sandals, when he jumped into Mount Ætna, one of his sandals was cast out by the violence of the flames. Thus poor Empedocles, instead of passing for a god, was discovered to be only a cheat.

I will now make a quotation from the history of Aristippus. A certain man led to him his son, to be instructed, and prayed him to have great care of him. Aristippus demanded of him fifty drachms.

"What! fifty drachms?" answered the father of the child. "Why, that is enough to buy a slave!"



"Very well, go and buy one," answered Aristippus, "and you will have two."

I will now add a riddle, which has puzzled me a good deal:—

"I am long, and laid in lots;  
I am short, and full of spots.  
I am fat, I am lean,  
Once was dirty, now am clean."

Your affectionate friend,

STEPHEN B. F——,  
a constant reader.

Here is a long letter from the great, long, wide, far-off West! The writer will make a figure yet.

Galena, Illinois, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

Respected Sir,

I HAVE to-day received the January number of your very interesting and instructive work, combining, as my Latin Grammar has it somewhere, "*utile cum dulce*," which, I suppose, being interpreted freely, means the useful with the agreeable.

I look with pleasing anticipation to the arrival of each monthly number, and am always sure to be repaid for the perusal. I do wonder where you manage to pick up such a variety of interesting matter. I suppose it is all true, or nearly all: perhaps you may embellish it a little, but it is none the worse for that.

We are all locked up at present (not in jail but) by the ice and snow. By the way, it is not such a dreadful thing to be locked up in jail either, if it should be in the neighborhood of Mr. Stetson, and somebody else, who keep the Astor House in New York, particularly if New Year's should come round every month or so. But, Mr. Merry, what do you think of the *morality* of that proceeding of Mr. Stetson & Co., to send such a fine dinner to three people in jail, in New York, to make their time pass pleasantly, when they are put in jail for the very purpose of being punished because they will not or cannot pay their debts. Why did not the public authorities interfere?

But, to return: I suppose you have never seen Galena, Mr. Merry. Well, it is rather a curious-looking place, surrounded by some of the "everlasting hills" that we read of, and by a great many valuable lead mines, too. The prospect from some of these hills is very fine; but there is one circumstance, or peculiarity, connected with this place. In most other places, people seek the most elevated summits for a fine prospect; but the finest "prospects" here are underground, and some of them pretty deep too. In order to understand the wit of this, you must know, that the miners call their discoveries of minerals in the crevices, before they find the main body, a "prospect."

You know, Mr. Merry, that we are within a few miles of the Mississippi. Perhaps you have never seen this father, or, I may say indeed, this *grand*-father of waters. If you have not, then, with all your experience and learning, and opportunity of seeing the world and its wonders, I have the advantage of you; although you have some considerable rivers in your part of the world, as I learn from my geography. Yet, although this is a more newly-settled country, I doubt if you have any thing equal to the Mississippi; and it is a most fortunate circumstance, that it happens to run *right by* so many large towns; it is certainly a great advantage. It is the most tearing-downest river, certainly, that I ever saw. Somebody said once, "that the western rivers were frozen over one half of the year, and dried up the other half." He must have been a *monstrous little* man, to make such a remark, and *powerful weak* too, for it is not the fact; so far from it, the fact is quite the reverse!

I suppose we do have the weather a little colder here, in proportion to the population, than you have, and sometimes our rivers, in this region, *are* frozen over for some months; but it is not true of the Mississippi, that it is dry six months in the year, by some considerable.

I see you have a conundrum occasionally in your Museum, and I have amused myself in trying to solve them. Now, I will give you one, Mr. Merry, and see if somebody can solve it. "Why is a good loaf like the sun?"

Because it rises from the *yeast* (east)! This is not my own, but the solution is. The solution I saw given to it was, "Because it is light when it rises." Now do you not think mine is as good as this? I suppose you can keep these answers out (No, I cant. R. M.), and see if any body can guess them, if you think them worth the trouble.

My dear Mr. Merry, I do not mean to be impertinent, but will you allow me to inquire whether you are related to Mr. Peter Parley? He lived somewhere in your part of the country; and if you are not, whether you know him, and can tell me whether the old gentleman is yet living. His name and memory live, if he does not. I would go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, almost, to see that man; and, to my mind, you are a great deal like him, *only more so!* I doubt not, that I shall soon begin to think as much of you, particularly if you happen to be related to him.

Please set my mind at rest on these points without delay. Pray excuse me, Mr. Merry, for being so free with you; but you seem so free and sociable yourself, that, although I have never seen you, it appears to me you are like an old and familiar acquaintance. It is time we were acquainted, at any rate; and as I am not ceremonious, nor disposed to stand upon etiquette, and do not know of any body who can introduce me, I here offer you my hand, and introduce myself as one of your ardent and affectionate admirers and friends, by the name of

FRANKLIN B.

P. S. I had very nearly forgotten to say that I enclose one dollar, for my subscription for the coming year. If your Museum continues as good as it has been heretofore, I shall be satisfied. Don't make it any better: I couldn't stand it.

My father likes it very much. I never heard him say a word of disapprobation, except in regard to the article upon "whiskers." He thought that might just as well have been omitted; *some* folks might consider it personal, inasmuch as some people *do* wear them, and think they have a right to do so; and even think — some folks do — that it improves their appearance. My father wears whiskers;

but that, of course, has nothing to do with the propriety of publishing that article. He would have thought just the same about it, but *might not* have said any thing. To be candid with you, my mother could not see much wit in it, and spoke rather disparagingly of it. I may observe, that I have heard my mother speak rather admiringly of my father's whiskers, — but that's neither here nor there.

Mr. Merry, I shake hands with you, sir. I am proud of your acquaintance, and have been very much profited by reading your Museum, and I feel greatly obliged to you. I am but a boy now; but I am growing up rapidly, and in a few years, if I live, I shall be a man; and I hope to be a useful member of society. And I mean to try to secure a name that will not make my father blush to hear, nor my children either, if I ever have any. Good by, and God bless you.

F. B.

Our thanks are due to the lady from whom this pleasant ballad comes; not for this only, but for other good stories that have formerly enlivened the pages of the Museum.

Lancaster, Mass., March 9, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

My little girl (who is one of your readers) was so much amused with the following story in prose, I "thought it would tell pretty nearly as well" in rhyme; and, moreover, that some other of your numerous juvenile readers might like to read it. Perhaps it is too long for insertion: if so, please throw it aside.

A FRIEND.

JAMES THE FIFTH AND FARMER JOHNNY.

'Tis said by Scott, the famed Sir Walter,  
Whose "tales" no pen would dare to alter,  
That James the Fifth, devoid of censure,  
Once had a very queer adventure.

He laid aside his costume regal,  
(Whatever *kings* may do is legal;)  
And leaving, for a time, things royal,  
He went about like subject loyal.

One day his majesty was walking,  
And met a band of gypsies, talking,  
Who, with their gibbering nonsense, ruffled  
His temper, till they fairly scuffled.

A farmer, who some grain was pounding  
Within his barn, heard noise astounding,  
And, stopping his unmeaning clatter,  
With flail in hand sought out the matter.

He saw at once what moved his pity,—  
The lawless, vagabond banditti  
An unprotected man abusing;  
He seeking mercy, they refusing.

The farmer's eyes flashed indignation,  
To see the stranger's perturbation;  
And, heeding not the gypsies' railing,  
He gave them a tremendous flailing.

The king admired the farmer's spirit,  
And, feeling he must surely merit  
Thanks for this well-timed flagellation,  
He entered into conversation.

Finding the farmer's great ambition  
Now was, to better his condition,  
And own the farm he then was tilling,  
Nor owe for it a single shilling,—

The king replied, with thanks most fervent,  
Being the king's most trusty servant,  
Within the palace, Farmer Johnny,  
If he would come, should see sights "bonny."

We hope it was the following Monday,  
Tho' Scott affirms it was on Sunday,  
Johnny set forth in gay attire,—  
Who e'er had expectations higher?

Disguised, as for his daily travels,  
(For thus the story here unravels,)  
King James stood at the postern's centre,  
Greeted his friend, and bade him enter.

The farmer saw surprising wonders,  
And made, alas! some grievous blunders.  
At length, his majesty inquired  
"If John to see the king aspired."

"He surely did; but how in nature  
Was he to know by form or feature,  
Which, in the room as they were seated,  
Would be the *king*? John might be cheated!"

The king replied, "if John was daring,  
And looked around him without staring,  
He'd see a *hat* on him he dreaded;  
But all the rest would be *bareheaded*."

The nobles, who had heard a rumor  
Of John's arrival, sat with humor,  
But with the gravest, judge-like faces,  
Watching the rustic's queer grimaces.

At last his majesty said slyly,  
"Which is the king?" John answered dryly,  
"Why you or me's the king." "Well done,  
John!

*For we two only have got hats on."*

Scott says that John, the home-bred rustic,  
Made a reply so shrewdly caustic,  
The king laughed loudly, shook his hand,  
And made him owner of his land.

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*East Bridgewater, April 10, 1845.*

MR. MERRY:

THIS year, I subscribed for your Museum for the first time, and think it to be the most interesting work I ever read. It is so replete with wit, anecdote, and pleasant stories, that I do not think I shall pass a year without it while it is continued. I have found out the answer to the puzzle from Bath in the last number, and send the answer in verse.

*Answer to the Puzzle in your last.*

My dear Mr. Merry, your puzzle is a thing  
That relates to a good old ship-carpenter king;  
Among the brave monarchs of Russia's proud  
state,  
There is none can compare with good *Peter*  
*the Great*.

---

*Medford, February 10, 1845.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I AM so much interested with your pleasing stories in the Museum, that I can

cluded to write to you, and send you the answers to the puzzles in your last number. The answer to the first is "Thanksgiving," and that of the second is "Happy New Year." As puzzles are very amusing to me, as I suppose they are to many of your subscribers, I now take the liberty of sending you one, which, if you consider trifling, please pay no attention to it.

I am composed of nine letters.

My 4, 8, 1, 4, is a church in Scotland.

My 2, 7, 1, is a pronoun.

My 6, 7, 8, 3, 4, is living flesh.

My 9, 8, 1, 4, is an implement of war.

My 3, 2, 1, 4, is the name of a tree and its oark.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 9, is a fish.

My 5, 8, 1, is a word of respect in compellation.

My 9, 7, 3, 4, is a word of fondness.

My whole is an animal capable of sailing, swimming, flying, and creeping on the earth.

From your affectionate subscriber,

D. W. L\*\*\*\*\*.

We acknowledge the receipt of letters from E. B. of Boston; W. W. of Bath; and one without a name from a subscriber at New Orleans. We have also received a foolish note from this latter place, taxing us with twenty-five cents postage. It was designed as a hoax; but does not the unhappy writer know that this kind of wit indicates great meanness of spirit, and, as it takes away my money against my will, is an act of positive *theft*? If he does not know these things, then he is without a conscience; and if he does know these things, then he has not an honest or enlightened conscience.

The lengthened favors of our correspondents have crowded out our music for June. We beg them to take the following songs of Summer in their place, till next month:—

### SUMMER.

SISTER, there is no season  
Like *summer* time to me,  
O, were it always summer,  
How happy should I be!

I love among the meadows  
To see the flocks and herds,  
And in our woods and gardens  
To hear the song of birds

I love to tend the flowers,  
When gardens are in bloom  
I love to see their colors,  
And smell their sweet perfume

'Tis pleasant round the country  
To ramble far and wide,  
With little brother Francis,  
Or Richard, at my side.

Then, in such pleasant weather,  
Not e'en the poor and old,  
Though they have little clothing,  
Can suffer from the cold.

We then play through the meadows,  
Or bathe us in the sea;  
O, were it always summer,  
How happy I should be!

### THE ROSE.

"DEAR MOTHER," said a little boy,  
"This rose is sweet and red;  
Then tell me, pray, the reason why  
I heard you call it dead.

"I did not think it was alive,  
I never heard it talk;  
Nor did I ever see it strive  
To run about and walk."

"My dearest boy," the mother said,  
"This rose grew on a tree;  
But now its leaves begin to fade,  
And all fall off, you see.

"Before, when growing on the bough,  
So beautiful and red,  
We say it lived; but with'ring, now,  
We say, the rose is dead."



